THE CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS.

FOR THE USE OF THE

Chautauqua Sunday-School Assembly.

AUGUST, 1877.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS.

No. 1. THE CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1874.

AIR: *Auld Lang Syne.*

We gather here a pilgrim band,
Whose home is set above,
And ere we reach the promised land
Prepare a feast of love.
Then welcome, welcome, every one,
To scenes serenely bright
Where Christ is our unclouded sun,
And in his praise unite.

The morning dew, the fragrant breeze,
The peaceful nights and days,
The smiling lake, the waving trees,
Forever speak his praise.
Then welcome, welcome to the place
Where hearts in love unite,
Where we behold a Saviour's face,
And feel a saint's delight.

The noisy world moves on afar,
And all unheard its din;
For, like a little flock, we are
Securely folded in.

Then welcome, lab'rers, one and all,
To this reviving feast;
Within our royal banquet hall
The greatest is the least.

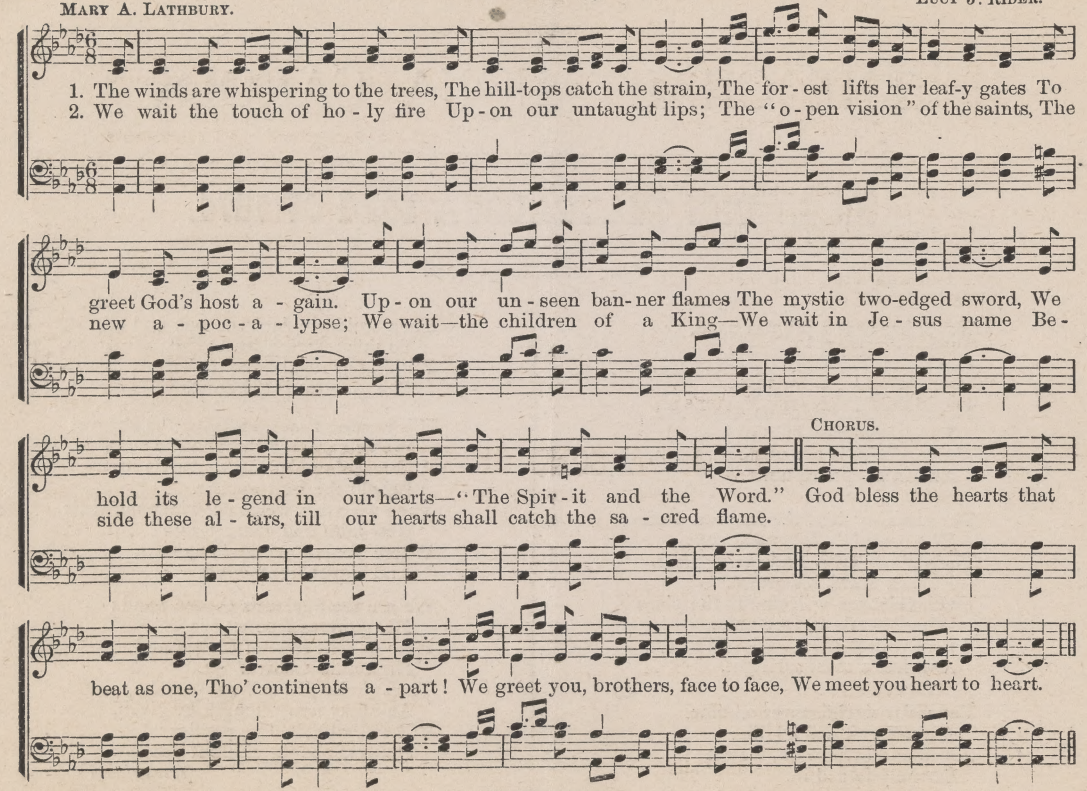
'Tis harvest time; we bring the sheaves
We've garnered through the year,
And weeping o'er the worthless leaves
Behold the fruit appear.
Then welcome, welcome, where our souls
New faith and courage find;
Where Jordan nearer to us rolls,
And Egypt lies behind.

We are the Saviour's chosen band;
His glorious face we see,
Here on this strip of Holy Land,
Nigh unto Galilee.
Then gladly of our feast partake,
And may new strength be given,
Till every heart, like yonder lake,
Reflects nought else but heaven.

Josephine Pollard.

No. 2. THE CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1875.

MARY A. LATHBURY. LUCY J. RIDER.


1. The winds are whispering to the trees, The hill-tops catch the strain, The for-est lifts her leaf-y gates To
2. We wait the touch of ho-ly fire Up-on our untaught lips; The "o-pen vision" of the saints, The
greet God's host a-gain. Up-on our un-seen ban-ner flames The mystic two-edged sword, We
new a-poc-a-lypse; We wait—the children of a King—We wait in Je-sus name Be-
CHORUS.
hold its le-gend in our hearts—"The Spir-it and the Word." God bless the hearts that
side these al-tars, till our hearts shall catch the sa-cred flame.
beat as one, Tho' continents a-part! We greet you, brothers, face to face, We meet you heart to heart.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 3. A HYMN OF GREETING.

CHAUTAUQUA, 1875.

AIR: *Sweet Hour of Prayer.*

The flush of morn—the setting suns
  Have told their glories o'er and o'er
One rounded year, since, heart to heart,
  We stood with Jesus by the shore.

We heard his wondrous voice; we touched
  His garments' hem with reverent hand,
Then, at his word, went forth to preach
  His coming kingdom in the land.

And following him, some willing feet
  The way to Emmaus have trod;
And some stand on the Orient plains;
  And some—upon the mount of God!

While over all, and under all,
  The Master's eye—the Master's arm
Have led in paths we have not known,
  Yet kept us from the touch of harm.

One year of golden days and deeds,
  Of gracious growth, of service sweet,
And now, beside the shore again,
  We gather at the Master's feet.

"Blest be the tie that binds," we sing;
  Yet to the bending blue above
We look, beyond the face of friends,
  To mark the coming of the Dove.

Descend upon us as we wait
  With open heart—with open word:
Breathe on us, mystic Paraclete!
  Breathe on us, Spirit of the Lord!

Mary A. Lathbury.

No. 4. A SONG OF WELCOME

To the President of the United States on the occasion of his visit to the Chautauqua Sunday-School Assembly, August 14, 1875.

AIR: *Hold the Fort.*

Like the surge of hidden waters,
  Like a wordless song,
Deep and strong the breath of welcome
  Stirs the waiting throng.

CHORUS:
Heart and voice awake to greet him
  Who our hosts has led!
Let the true Heart of the nation
  Greet the nation's Head.

Earnest hearts that love and labor,
  Christian hearts that pray,
Builders of the nation's future,
  Greet our Chief to-day!

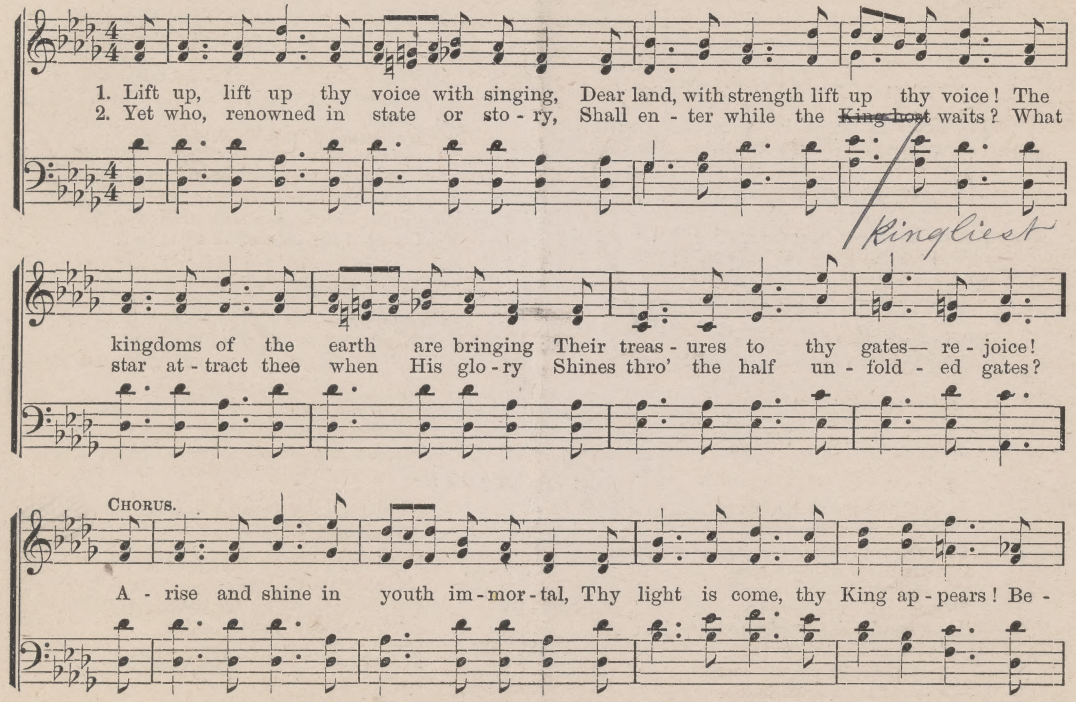
Not in royal garments stand we,
  Not in jewels rare;
But the children of the nation,
  "These our jewels are."

Greet him! Let the air around him
  Benedictions bear!
Let the hearts of all the people
  Circle him with prayer!

Mary A. Lathbury.

No. 5. THE CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1876.

MARY A. LATHBURY. **ARISE AND SHINE.** P. P. BLISS.


1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice! The
2. Yet who, renowned in state or sto - ry, Shall en - ter while the King-host waits? What
Kingliest
kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their treas - ures to thy gates— re - joice!
star at - tract thee when His glo - ry Shines thro' the half un - fold - ed gates?
CHORUS.
A - rise and shine in youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be -

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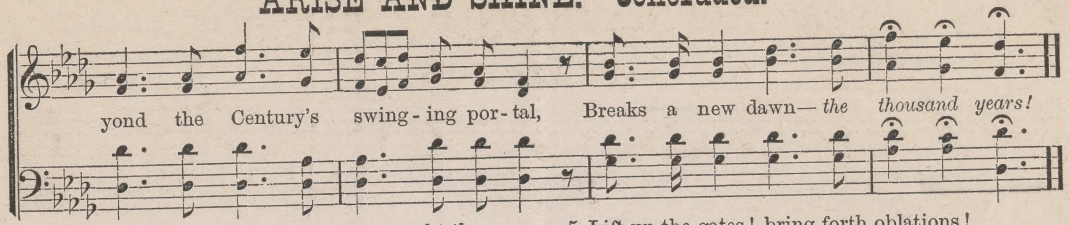
ARISE AND SHINE. Concluded.



3 Through wave and wilderness He sought thee,
For thou wast precious in His sight;
Shone on thy night of blood, and brought thee
Through pain and peril to the light. *Cho.*

4 And shall His flock with strife be riven?
Shall envious lines His church divide,
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim His bride? *Cho.*

5 Lift up the gates! bring forth oblations!
One crowned with crowns a message brings,
His word, a sword to smite the nations;
His name—the Christ, the King of kings. *Cho.*

6 He comes! let all the earth adore Him;
The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The LIFE of life, the WORD of GOD! *Cho.*

No. 6. JESUS, MY ALL.

From "*Christian Songs*," by per. **Scotch Air.**

1 Lord, at Thy mercy seat,
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

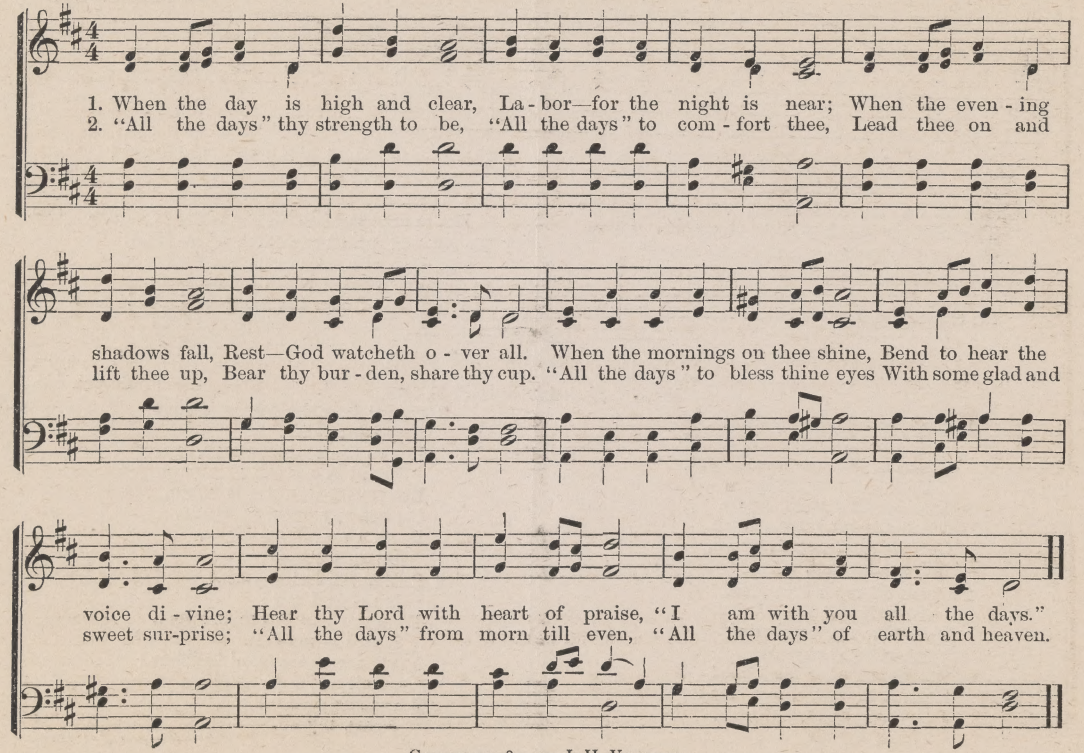
4 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

Fanny J. Crosby.

No. 7. THE CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1877.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—(literally *all the days.*)—MATT. 28 : 20.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. When the day is high and clear, La - bor—for the night is near; When the even - ing
2. "All the days" thy strength to be, "All the days" to com - fort thee, Lead thee on and
shadows fall, Rest—God watcheth o - ver all. When the mornings on thee shine, Bend to hear the
lift thee up, Bear thy bur - den, share thy cup. "All the days" to bless thine eyes With some glad and
voice di - vine; Hear thy Lord with heart of praise, "I am with you all the days."
sweet sur-prise; "All the days" from morn till even, "All the days" of earth and heaven.

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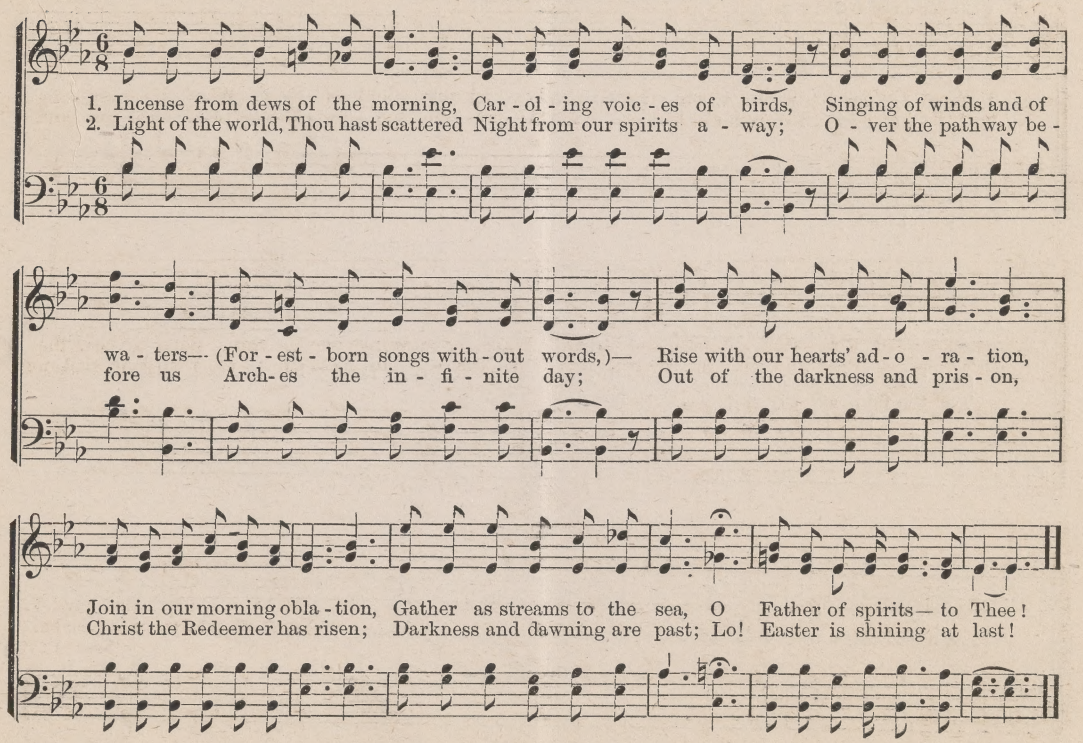
No. 8. MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. "Praise waiteth for Thee."—PS. 65: 1. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Incense from dews of the morning, Car - ol - ing voic - es of birds, Singing of winds and of
2. Light of the world, Thou hast scattered Night from our spirits a - way; O - ver the pathway be -
wa - ters— (For - est - born songs with - out words,)— Rise with our hearts' ad - o - ra - tion,
fore us Arch - es the in - fi - nite day; Out of the darkness and pris - on,
Join in our morning obla - tion, Gather as streams to the sea, O Father of spirits— to Thee!
Christ the Redeemer has risen; Darkness and dawning are past; Lo! Easter is shining at last!

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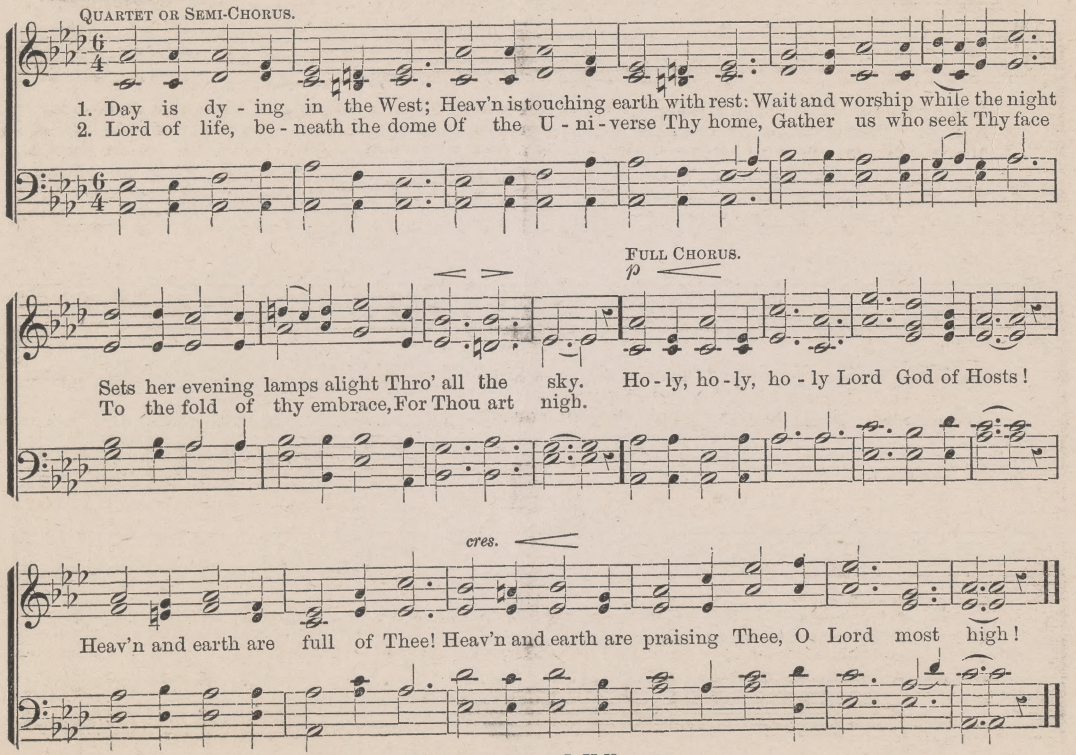
No. 9. EVENING PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. "Rest in the Lord."—Ps. 37: 7. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.


1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face
FULL CHORUS.
p
Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!
To the fold of thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
cres.
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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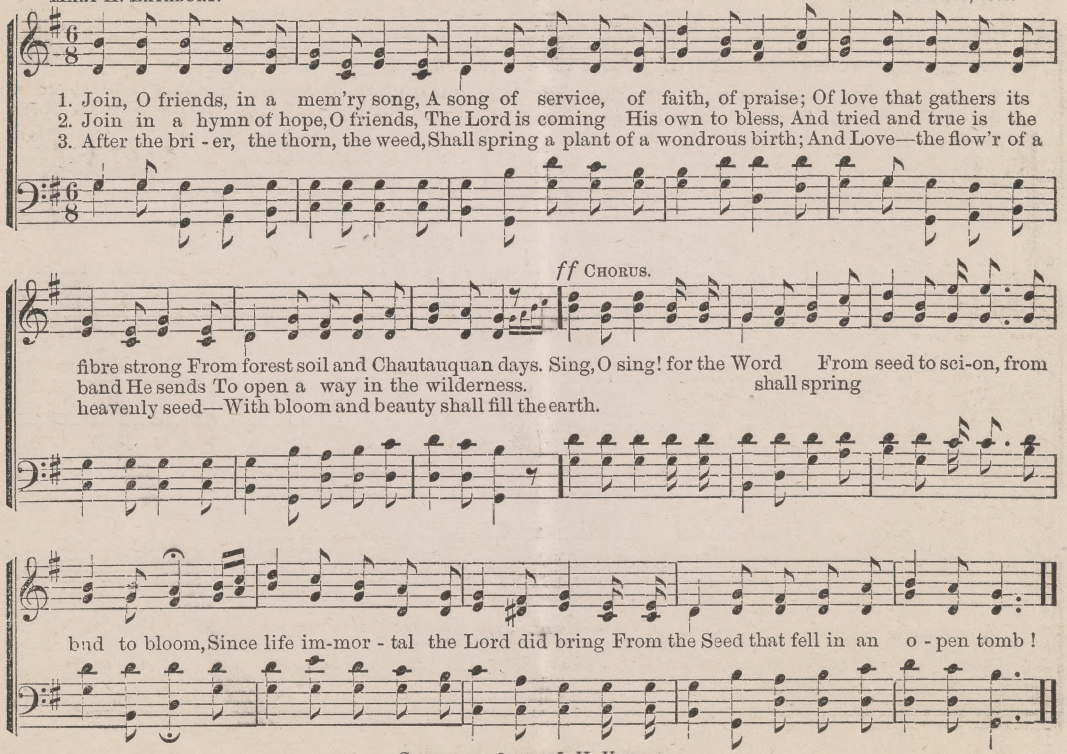
No. 10. ALUMNI SONG.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."—Isa. 35: 1.

Mary A. Lathbury. Wm. F. Sherwin, 1877.


1. Join, O friends, in a mem'ry song, A song of service, of faith, of praise; Of love that gathers its
2. Join in a hymn of hope, O friends, The Lord is coming His own to bless, And tried and true is the
3. After the bri - er, the thorn, the weed, Shall spring a plant of a wondrous birth; And Love—the flow'r of a
ff Chorus.
fibre strong From forest soil and Chautauquan days. Sing, O sing! for the Word From seed to sci-on, from
band He sends To open a way in the wilderness. shall spring
heavenly seed—With bloom and beauty shall fill the earth.
bud to bloom, Since life im-mor - tal the Lord did bring From the Seed that fell in an o - pen tomb!

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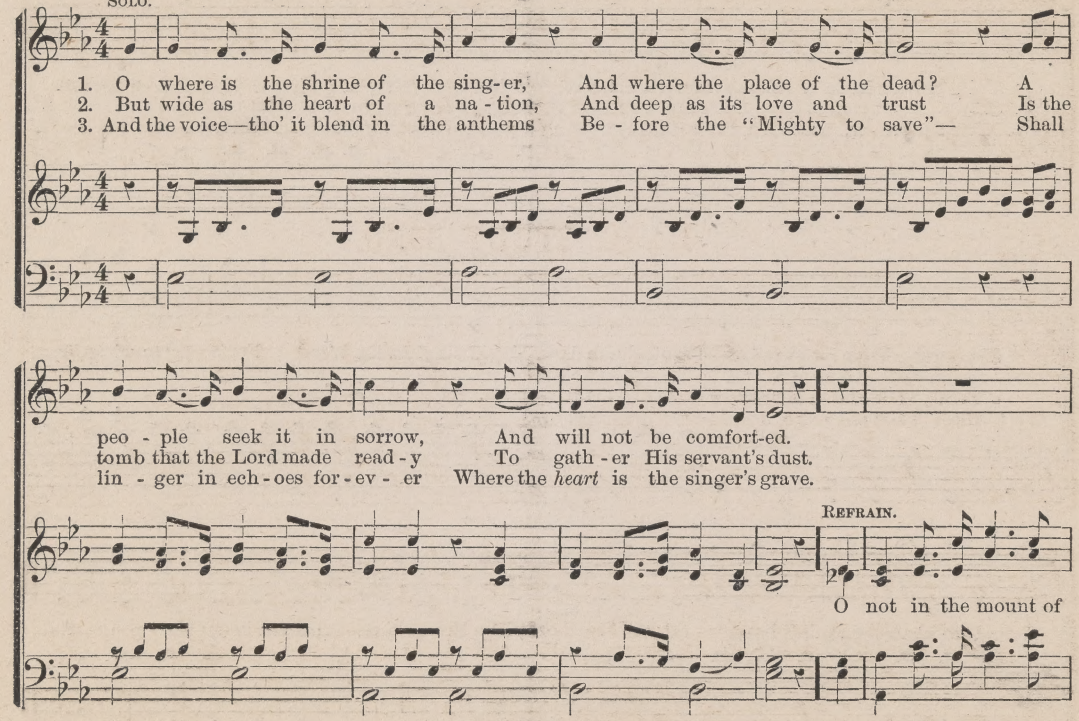
No. 11. THE SHRINE OF THE SINGER.

"No man knoweth of his sepulchre."—DEUT. 34 : 6.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (*In memoriam, P. P. Bliss.*) WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


SOLO.
1. O where is the shrine of the sing-er, And where the place of the dead? A
2. But wide as the heart of a na-tion, And deep as its love and trust Is the
3. And the voice—tho' it blend in the anthems Be-fore the "Mighty to save"— Shall
peo-ple seek it in sorrow, And will not be comfort-ed.
tomb that the Lord made read-y To gath-er His servant's dust.
lin-ger in ech-oes for-ev-er Where the *heart* is the singer's grave.
REFRAIN.
O not in the mount of

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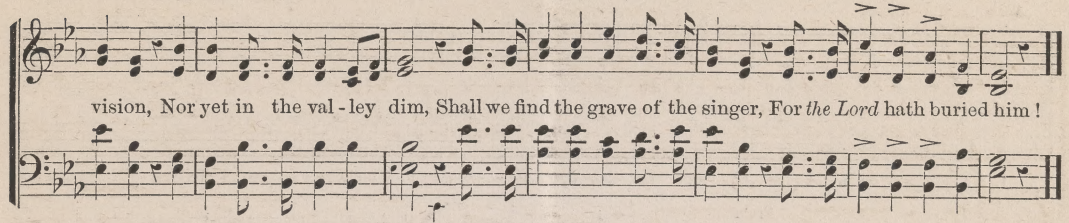
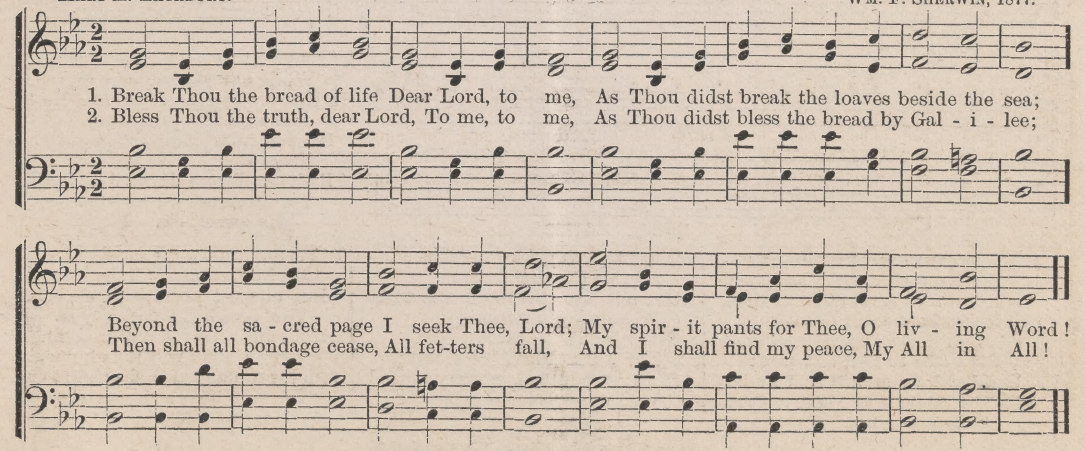


No. 12. STUDY SONG.

"Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law."—Ps. 119 : 18.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Break Thou the bread of life Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread by Gal - i - lee;
Beyond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All!

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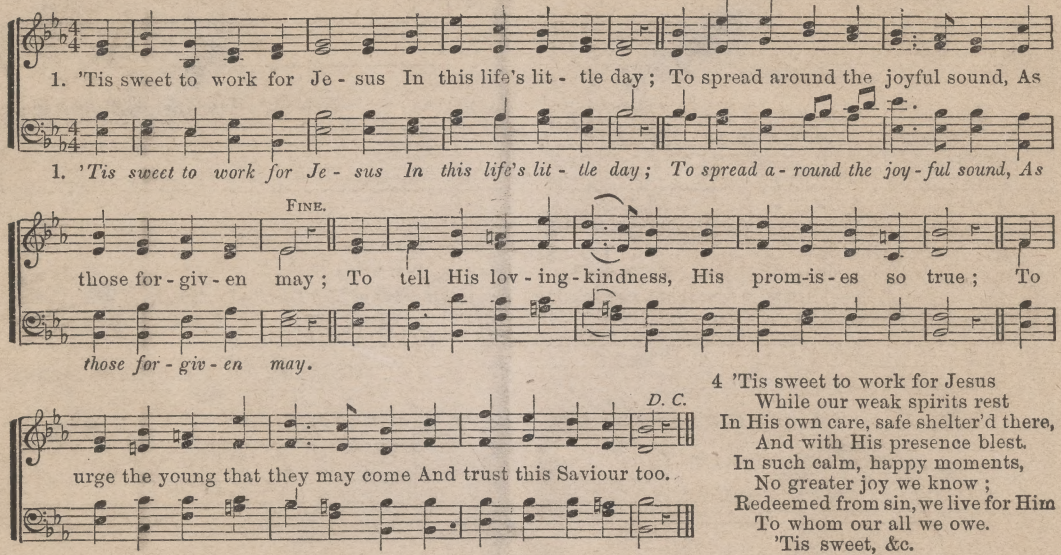
No. 13. 'TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

By per. WM. F. SHERWIN. 1873.


1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day; To spread around the joyful sound, As
1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day; To spread a - round the joy - ful sound, As
FINE.
those for - giv - en may; To tell His lov - ing - kindness, His prom-is - es so true; To
those for - giv - en may.
D. C.
urge the young that they may come And trust this Saviour too.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus,
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render,
For grace so rich and free;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have
So little fruit to Thee. [borne
'Tis sweet, &c.

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
Nor work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.
'Tis sweet, &c.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe shelter'd there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.
'Tis sweet, &c.

5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh! weary not of this, [ness;
But onward press with cheerful-
Tho' rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand
To serve before the throne.
'Tis sweet, &c.

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